

Cinnamon Buns by Luddleston

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Summary:

Ares Adaar meets Nara Lavellan, who shows him exactly how much he knows about two-handers.

(Shameless inquisitor-shipping, entirely OCs)

Cinnamon Buns

Author's Note:

- For [SizzlyCrisp](#).

We have a running joke that Nara is a cinnamon roll and Ares is a meatball, so clearly, the answer to this is they should make out. I'm not sure how else to explain this.

Ares needed two things: a strong drink and a nap. He was only going to get one out of two, and from the looks of things, that would be the drink. Skyhold was constantly noisy, and the tavern was too busy for him to lean back in a chair and snooze, but at least Cabot knew he liked his whisky neat.

An elf sat next to him, not out of choice, probably, just a result of an overcrowded bar, leaning a huge two-handed sword against the table.

“That’s a lot of sword for a little guy,” Ares said. Weapons were common in the Herald’s Rest—his hammer was on the table between them and his shield was balanced against the back of his chair.

“Oh, I can handle big swords,” the elf said, his smirk nearly reaching his pointy ears. He looked different than most of the elves Ares had seen, probably because of the white tattoos. They stood out against his dark skin like the snow on the black rocks in the Emprise, and the color of his hair matched them almost exactly.

“Really?” Ares sat back in his chair, tucking his hands behind his head so the muscles in his arms bunched up. “I used to use one, but I had to pick up a shield after I got knocked on the head one too many times. Enemies see a big guy, they go for him, I guess.”

“No shit.” He paused, took a drink, then looked up, locking eyes with Ares. He had pretty eyes, grey, or silver? Maybe silver. “I’m Nara.”

“Ares.” When they shook hands, he could feel the calluses of a warrior, and the more he looked at Nara, the more he realized he wasn’t built like the typical elf. Not all willowy and fragile. He had layers of corded muscle around his arms, and Ares was sure that if he wasn’t in layers of warm clothes, he’d have the same kind of musculature down his back and across his chest and stomach and *why* in the name of all that is sane was he thinking about undressing some guy he just met?

“So, Ares, what do you do for the Inquisition? I mean, aside from drinking impressively strong alcohol and getting knocked on the head?”

“I’m a mercenary. With the Valo-Kas. Inquisitor Lavellan hired us at the Iron Bull’s suggestion—he knows my commander. I take out whatever needs taken out. You?”

“I’m from the same clan as the Inquisitor. Joined up when we got word of what happened to him. I’m nothing so fancy as a mercenary, just a regular soldier, grunt work. It can be shitty, sometimes, but it’s a cause, and the other guys aren’t bad to look at, for the most part. Some of ‘em, though...” and he shuddered, “...Orlesians. Arse-faced bastards, some of ‘em.”

“I’ve heard shit,” Ares said. Oh, he’s heard plenty, especially from the ones who don’t think he can understand Orlesian at first, and start saying things about “that one Qunari, the redheaded one, she’s pretty for an ox, isn’t she? I’d take her to bed, wonder if it’s the same down there.” He’d told them to shut up about his sister (in perfect Orlesian) and kicked them both in the balls. He had big feet and steel-toed boots, and neither of them were going to be using their balls for much after.

“That bring up some bad memories? You look pissed, Ares,” Nara said.

“Bunch of bastards said something about my sister once,” he replied, taking a long drink.

“Assholes,” Nara agreed. “Hey, Ares, I’ll buy your next drink.” He laid a hand on Ares’ forearm, at the part that his rolled-up shirt left bare.

“You’re a grunt, you don’t have enough coin to buy my next drink,” Ares countered, but he didn’t move his arm.

“It’s the principle of the thing,” Nara said. “You talk someone up, you buy them a drink, don’t you know how to flirt, Meathead?”

He did, objectively, but most of his “romantic” encounters were less flirting and more “hey you, wanna fuck?” and then a few hours spent breaking furniture in a crappy inn room. “I’m not having another drink, in any case,” he said. One was strong enough for him; his tolerance was alright, due to his size, but he didn’t drink much, so more than a few drinks would get him drunk off his ass in short order.

“Ah, I see.” Nara looked away from him, removed his hand from his arm. Shit, he’d fucked up again. This was why he didn’t flirt. Normally, he’d just move on from this kind of thing, figure he wasn’t getting any tonight, but... he glanced down at the muscles of Nara’s arms and his callused hands folded in his lap, and he *wanted*. To fix it, to kiss him, he wanted something.

He bent down so his face was closer to Nara’s when he said, “I’ll buy *your* next drink if you want one, though.” The shudder that ran through the little elf when he made the offer was, well, fucking adorable, really, and Ares was pleased with himself with he sat back.

“Well. Suppose I have to finish this one for that,” Nara said, taking a long pull of his drink. Didn’t look like he was trying to finish it off particularly quickly, though. Nara’s eyes moved from his drink to Ares’ hammer. “This yours?”

It was an unnecessary question, who else’s weapon would be right in front of him? “Yeah, it’s mine.”

“Looks well-made.”

“I can’t take credit for that. I got it forged years ago, by a smith who worked almost exclusively for the Valo-Kas. We’ve always been good customers.”

“I’d love to see how you use that hammer sometime,” Nara said, with a smile that meant he’s wasn’t just talking about the literal hammer. “I could show you how well I can wield a two-hander. You know what they say about men with big swords.”

He knew. “Might need you to remind me,” he lied. Or was it really a lie if Nara knew he was kidding?

He didn’t buy Nara another drink. No time for it, not when he could be pressing him into a wall in a little alcove just outside the tavern, craning his neck down to kiss him. Nara was too damn short, even when he was on his tiptoes, even when he was stretching to meet every kiss.

“I’m gonna pick you up,” he said. He gave Nara a moment to protest, and got nothing except a pair of arms balanced on his shoulders. He slipped his hands behind Nara’s thighs, and it wasn’t even hard to lift him, his weight balanced so well in Ares’ palms. After a while, it would get strenuous, but for now, he was happy to let this little elf suck on his lower lip. More than.

Nara moaned a little into Ares’ mouth, and it hit him that if someone wandered outside to take a piss or get some air, they’d definitely see them. At about the same time as this realization hit, Nara’s legs tightened around his hips, and Ares thanked the Maker, or Andraste, or whatever deity was fine with two men getting it on behind a tavern that Nara was just as hard as him. He tilted his head to press their lips together as fully as he could, and damn, elves had nice lips. Or maybe it was just this one.

Ares ducked his head to kiss Nara’s neck, first gently, then a little more rough, and felt Nara’s hands clutching his shirt, nails digging into his back even though the fabric. He smelled good, a little like elfroot smoke and cinnamon, especially his hair. Ares sucked on the spot just below the point of his jaw, not hard enough to leave a mark. Well, not until Nara begged him for more. “You can—I mean—bite me.”

He nudged Nara’s shirt to the side with his nose and chin and left a love bite on his collarbone, and another on his neck, low enough that he could cover it if he didn’t want the world to know. Ares was beginning to suspect Nara wouldn’t care, though.

Nara was rocking against him in earnest now, his body moving in a sinuous course against Ares' own. His head knocked back against the wall a few times, though, and Ares' arms were starting to shake from holding him up for so long, so he kissed Nara's mouth one more time before setting him down.

"You're something," Ares said. It was the closest to complimenting someone he'd gotten in a long time.

Nara let out a breathless laugh. He'd looked good when Ares met him, but he looked even better now, hair a mess and lips swollen from Ares' kisses. "I am," he agreed. The look in his eyes was hungry, like he was about to jump into Ares' arms again, whether he could hold him up or not.

"I don't do this a lot," Ares admitted, "makes things too complicated." He didn't like complicated. After the first time he'd been caught fucking another of the guys in the Valo-Kas and got his ass handed to him by some absolutely terrifying former Tamassran who had a thing for him, he didn't get involved.

"This isn't complicated," Nara replied, gesturing between the two of them. "This is normal. Meet someone in a bar, take 'em home for the night... It doesn't have to be hard."

"Well, something has to be hard." Ares glanced at Nara's crotch when he said it, and Nara laughed.

"I suppose that's true. Don't seem to be having any issue with that, though."

"Yeah. No. I mean." Ares sighed, and blew a loose strand of his hair out of his face with it. "My group is camped in the courtyard. I'm assuming you're in the barracks?"

"Mm-hm. Not a great place for getting it on with Tal-Vashoth mercenaries."

"So. This way." Ares took Nara by a shoulder and turned him to face the courtyard. They didn't walk faster than usual, but there was a sense of urgency and a buzzing in the back of his neck.

“We left our weapons in the tavern,” Nara said, but he was giggling, so he couldn’t have been that upset about it.

“Nobody in their right mind would steal our shit,” Ares said, “weapons that big and fancy, you know there’re strong arms behind them.”

“Right, right,” Nara said, scraping his hair off his forehead as they took the short flight of stairs to the courtyard. “Which tent’s yours?” He slid his first two fingers through Ares’ belt-loop, so when Ares started for his tent, Nara got tugged with him.

The Valo-Kas had decent accommodations, but Ares hadn’t fucked anyone in his tent before (well, not when he was within Skyhold’s walls, with his tent crammed in-between two other mercenaries’), and it certainly wasn’t made for two grown men, especially not two who were splayed on top of each other, sucking face.

Ah, well. He’d live, even if his hair was getting wildly out of place when it caught on the canvas, even if it took half an Age to get their boots off without tracking mud and tavern-dirt all over the inside of the tent.

They ended up with Ares on his back, chest-to-chest with Nara, who held his face in his hands while he kissed him again, getting a little more up-close and personal with the tongue this time. Ares couldn’t complain, especially not when Nara found the metal rod in his tongue and all but *wiggled* against him.

If he was going to tell the story later (which he wouldn’t, because he wasn’t inclined to telling naughty stories), he would’ve liked to say that what followed was a long night of hot, passionate sex. But he hadn’t gotten any in a long time, and Nara hadn’t either, and so they ended up necking like horny teenagers and grinding against each other until both of them got off. Ares didn’t even think he’d ever gotten so riled up he came in his pants when he actually was sixteen.

Nara laughed breathlessly when it was over, his nose bumping against Ares’. “Well. Better go make sure some drunken asshole didn’t make off with my sword.”

“Yeah,” Ares said, still struggling to breathe at a regular pace. “You do that.”

“As I recall, I wasn’t the only one who left weapons in the tavern.”

“Uh-huh. But I’m not moving.”

“Worn out already? Old man.”

“You can’t be that much younger than me,” Ares retorted, but he didn’t debate being worn out. A semi-athletic tryst wasn’t on his list of things he needed after a trip back to Skyhold from Orlais, but hey.

“I like you,” Nara said, scooting up to kiss Ares on the cheek. “I’ll see you.”

“Yeah. You know where I sleep, so.”

He probably shouldn’t have been surprised when he woke up three nights later to find a wiry elf with a two-hander curled against his side. Well. He could deal with this. At least it wasn’t complicated.

Author’s Note:

If you want to join me in the wonders of OC Kiss Week, which I'm starting hella early, my tumblr is @weezna. If you're into OCs (or canon characters, idgaf) doing more than kissing, my NSFW tumblr is @seldula.